



*A Celebration
of the Life of
Ann Evans
'Mama'*

6th June 1953 - 23rd August 2025

*Markeaton Crematorium
Friday 26th September 2025
at 2.00 pm*



Entrance Music

I Believe
Frankie Laine

Welcome

Service led by Leni Robson, Independent Celebrant

Poem

written by Dave, Ann's son

I believe in angels.

I cannot see them, but I know they're there. I can sense them, they are in the air.

I walk my path from start to end, never knowing if you're foe or friend.

The ups and downs, they take their toll, but the trust in angels soothes my soul.

Nature's beauty is all around and comforts me when I am down.

It's in the world above our feet, down to the creatures we cannot see.

This is where the angels hide. Which ones are they? I can't decide.

The lonely man needing one kind word, or the homeless girl who's never heard?

Kindness doesn't have a price, so find some courage and just be nice.

Sometimes, they come and visit me, a robin or magpie in a tree.

They whisper softly, yet make no sound, but in the heart, they're surely found.

The angels listen if you just speak, especially when things are looking bleak.

So, please don't fret and do not frown, the angels will always be around.

I am with the angels.

Remembering Ann



Poem

written by Lucy, Ann's granddaughter

When I was two, we found Daisy Moo.
When I was three, we played nature hunts
to find a duck on a windowsill and leaves off a tree.
When I was four, we played rabbit hutches and trains on the floor.
When I was five, she'd look after me when I skived.
When I was six, we'd head to Wilko and get our Barbie fix.
When I was seven, we'd watch Torvill and Dean and be in heaven.
When I was eight, we'd play assault courses
and played with Johnny and Billy, our mates.
When I was nine, she painted fairies for the garden
and we always looked for an angel sign.
When I was ten, we watched X Factor on Saturday nights again and again.
Skipping forward brings me to my teens,
which came with the obvious jokes about 'holes in my jeans'.
When I was fifteen, we repeatedly watched Cinderella on the screen.
When I was sixteen, we spent the summer in the garden
and had enough quiche to feed a football team.
When I was seventeen, she drove to Coventry,
just to make sure I was as happy as I seemed.
When I was eighteen, she fed the abandoned animals
and protected them from all those that were mean.
When I was nineteen, I got a text every day without fail
and seeing her name on my phone always made me beam.
When I was twenty, we stayed home isolating
and drove each other round the bend - plenty!
When I was twenty-one, her everlasting support for me shone.
When I was twenty-two, I still turned up for a sleepover
and cooked breakfasts, we had a few.
When I was twenty-three, she chose my veil for me.
When I was twenty-four, she awaited my child's birth, ready to adore.
That brings me to twenty-five
and I stand here with a promise to keep the Mama magic alive.

Reflection Music

with visual tribute

Bring Me Sunshine

Morecambe and Wise

Committal

Closing Words

Exit Music

What A Wonderful World

Louis Armstrong





The family would like to thank everyone for their kind words and support at this sad time.

Donations in memory of Mama for
The British Hedgehog Preservation Society
may be sealed in the donation envelope
and placed in the box on leaving the service,
left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

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